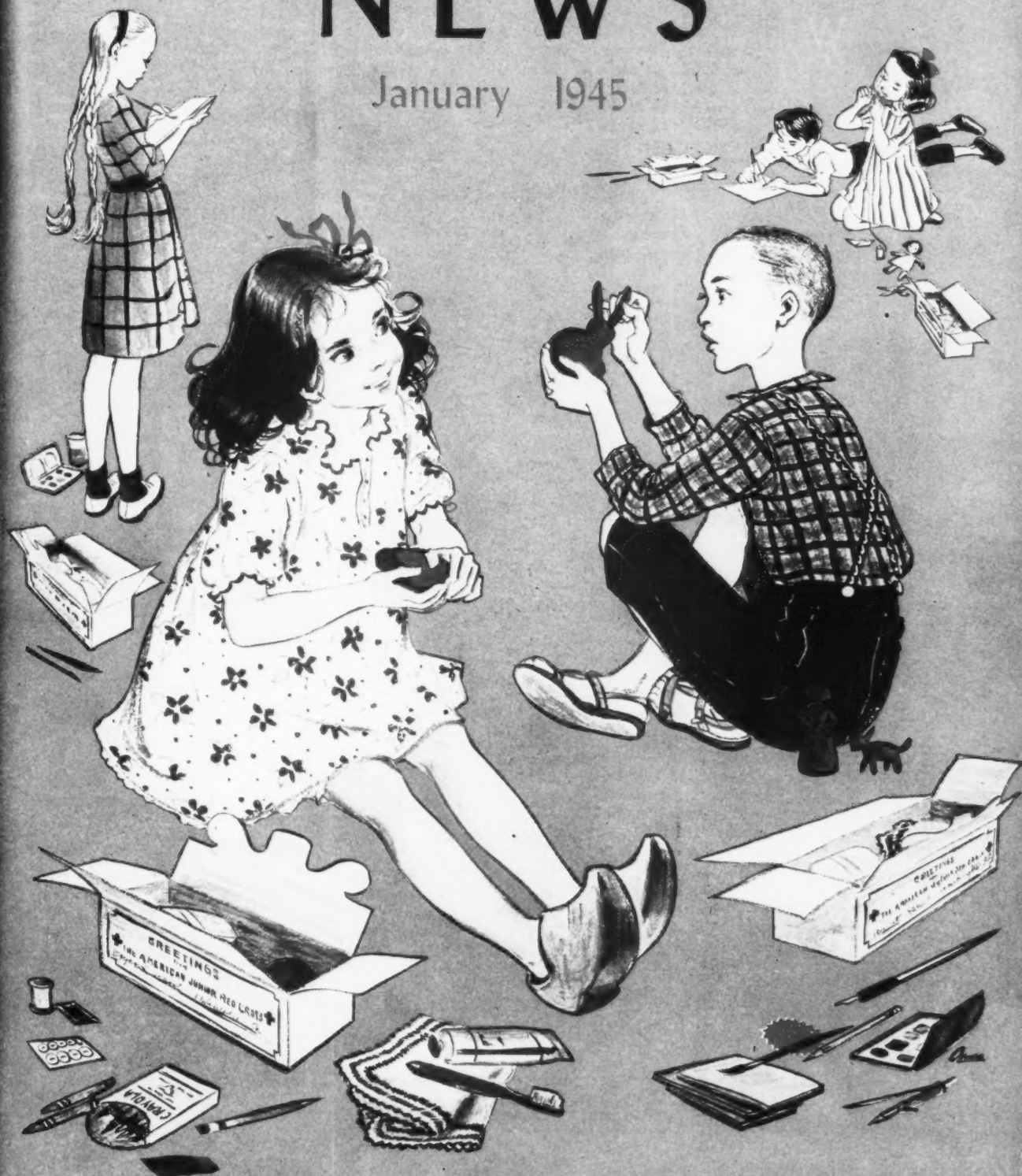


American Junior Red Cross NEWS

January 1945



The Great Road

Decoration by Lynd Ward

WE TELL of a road, the Great Road,
Linking East and West
A thousand miles of dust and stone
Over which
Kings and conquerors,
Merchants and slaves
Traveled by scores
Or alone.

By ancient cities and age-old hills
Untold generations passed,
Over desert and plain,
Through stream and pass,
By tens and hundreds
They came.

Strange stories they told
Along the road
As the countless years went by.

Stories of courage,
Others of fame,
Stories of honor,
Many of gain
Were told by those who tarried awhile
Around myriad camp fires
Burning low,
In tents beneath the starry sky,
In noisy inns
Where strangers made friends,
Along the wayside, as others passed.

Near the cooling spring
Or the refreshing well
Where caravans paused to rest,
News of pilgrimages, festivals,
Crops and rain,
The traders lingered to tell.

To Tyre and Sidon these travelers
Went with bundles of goods
Rich and rare,
Seeking a buyer, a market, a port.
A place to sell their wares—
Their dates and wheat,
Cotton and wool,
Purple cloth and linen fine,
Alabaster, jewels, copper, gold,
Frankincense, spices, and wine.

Egyptians who needed copper
Sent workers and scribes to Sinai,
While builders of Babylon's temples
Went to Lebanon's mountains tall
For cedar for beams and pillars
To hold up their palace walls.

The road saw the scourging of Hebrew slaves,
Saw Moses and his weary band
Emerge from the Wilderness
With troubled hearts
On their way to the Promised Land.

Joseph and Mary and the tiny Babe
Fled along the road by night
To escape the wrath of a jealous king;
They hurried on far in their fright.

To Egypt they rode
Through dust and sand
To the Sphinx and Pyramids
Where they found the shelter they had sought
In a strange and distant land.

Paul walked this road to Damascus
Mid the throngs that crowded there
On donkey or camel
in the narrow street,
Arabs, Persians,
Syrians, Greeks,
All to buy and sell at the fair.

The sound of trumpets
The clash of swords
Could often be heard, so it's told,
As the warriors swept forward
Along the road,
Intent on slaves and gold.

Soldiers in glittering armor
Marched proudly with banners high
As captives and slaves were driven along
To do as bidden or die.

Today as the soldiers
Speed past swaying caravans
With tanks and jeeps and men,
Or fly over the Syrian Saddle
To carry supplies to Iran,
They can dream of once mighty Nineveh
Or of Babylon's lofty towers,
And see before them, leaders of old—
Abraham, Daniel, Solomon, Saul,
Sargon, Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander—all
Great men of the past
In deed and name,
Where now lie ruins
And wind-swept mounds
On deserted Assyrian plains.

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I

January • 1945

The Message in the Snow

RUTH EPPERSON KENNEL

Illustrations by Lilian Neuner

THE YOUNG GERMAN war prisoner stood in Colonel Yermasov's dugout nervously rubbing his frost-bitten fingers.

"He surrendered to me, Comrade Colonel!" the Russian messenger cried. Nikolka's boyish face showed how proud he felt. "He came over on this pass."

Colonel Yermasov examined the red and green paper curiously. The pass was printed on one side in bold type:

"German soldiers! Use this pass to cross the front. To all who wish to surrender to the Red Army, we guarantee life, good treatment and your return home after the war. We receive every volunteer prisoner as a brother."

"Look on the other side!" urged Nikolka.

The Soviet commander's grim face softened as he turned the pass over. A green fir tree glowing with candles was pictured on the bright red paper. A toy electric train ran around the tree.

"Very pretty! Can you tell me what the German greeting says, Nikolka?"

"Yes, sir! I know it by heart because Elsa Leonhardt translated it for me: 'Dear Erich, Father and I are secure in Moscow. We will be so lonely this Christmas without you. Take the safe-conduct pass on the other side

and come over. . . . Your loving sister, Elsa.'"

"That's interesting. It is certainly the most convincing I have yet seen of the holiday leaflets our planes have been dropping behind the German lines. Tell me, Nikolka," the Colonel added, "is this 'Elsa' the little German girl who stays at your house—the one who got a medal for bringing in forty German paratroopers?"

"Yes, Comrade Colonel!" the dispatch rider replied proudly. "Our American neighbors upstairs gave her a home—Elsa's a refugee. Her brother was drafted, but Elsa and her father escaped from Hitler's Germany. She thought Erich might be on the Russian front, so she gave a message for her brother to the German anti-Hitler writers in Moscow to print. You see, the last Christmas that the Leonhardts were all together in Germany, Erich was quite young and he got an electric train that he liked very much."

"I see . . . Does this soldier you brought in claim to be Elsa's brother?"

"I don't know—I can't understand what he says—"

"Then bring Elsa!"

Outside the camouflaged garrison headquarters in the forest, Nikolka donned skis and skimmed over the snow to Kraskova.

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Nikolka held his breath while the German stooped to pick up an object in the snow

Nikolka's family occupied the first floor of the long house on the edge of the village, built by the Robinsons, an American family who had now left the country.

"Elzushka!" shouted Nikolka, bursting into the room. "Another German has come over. Maybe this time it's your brother!"

Elsa shook her head sadly. "I no longer hope for that, Nicky. But you know I didn't write the message just for my brother. Otto Jungmann thought it might win over other young German soldiers to our Free Germany movement."

When Elsa saw the latest prisoner, she bowed her head in disappointment. She respectfully awaited Colonel Yermasov's orders.

"Ask him the exact location of his company when he deserted."

Elsa translated the question.

The prisoner, who said his name was Fritz Meissner, willingly went to the wall map.

"We've built a strong fort deep in the forest," he said, pointing to a spot midway between Kalinin and Rzhev. "I came on a truck carrying supplies to the fort from Rzhev. The woods are so dense in there that I was able to sneak away. But I didn't go far before I ran into some Russian guerrillas. They had a kind of dugout in a thicket. They were without provisions, and some were wounded. The leader, who understood a little German, read the card I'd found. He told me how to reach Kraskova and report to your garrison that they were trapped—"

"Why couldn't they come themselves?" Elsa asked.

"They thought they were caught between the German lines, and maybe I could get through in my German uniform. They

didn't know what I found out later—that you'd captured the highway just behind them."

"That can't be a guerrilla detachment," concluded Colonel Yermasov. "Guerrillas would have contact with the nearest garrison, and would know that the highway is in our hands. My guess is that they are Red Army men who escaped into the forest during the Klin battle. And they are in deadly peril, for they are near an enemy stronghold."

"I'll go and tell them!" Nikolka cried.

Nikolka's father, who was chairman of the village soviet, looked doubtful. "It's too dangerous, son."

"Not as dangerous for me as for our men, not knowing of our great victories!"

Nikolka's father was silent. Shura, the older son, was missing in action at Klin. It was hard to risk the life of his remaining boy.

"Please let me go, *batushka*! I'll find their hideout and lead them back to the road. You know how many times I've slipped inside the enemy lines to get information!"

His father agreed with a sigh.

Colonel Yermasov put his hand on the young messenger's shoulder. "Sergeant Gorbenko will drive you to the most forward position of our troops."

Next morning, Nikolka came upstairs to say good-bye to Elsa. With a grin, Nikolka reached inside the fleecy lamb's-wool lining of his *shuba* and pulled out the red and green Christmas card. "I'm taking it along for good luck, Elzushka."

Sergeant Gorbenko drove the American jeep along the highway toward Klin. There were signs of recent battles here. They reached a ruined village, lying, like Kraskova,

on the edge of the forest. The civilians were coming back, carrying a few belongings.

The sergeant turned off the main highway toward the great, white forest. All along the approaches stood sentries.

"This is as far as *Amerikanski kozlik* can go, my lad. Our lines end here. Inside those woods is No Man's Land."

Nikolka's legs felt weak as he climbed down. But he came stiffly to attention. "Thanks for the ride on the little American goat, Comrade Sergeant," he said. He put on his skis, grasped the sticks and moved rapidly toward the snow-covered trees.

In a few minutes he was in the midst of the dense white-robed evergreen forest. He seemed completely alone. It was late morning, but the sun scarcely penetrated here.

Not for a moment relaxing his vigilance, Nikolka consulted the chart on which Fritz Meissner had traced the approximate location of the German fort, as well as the Russian hideout. He moved cautiously, fearful that he might come suddenly upon the outposts.

After he had been traveling about an hour, he came to well-worn ski grooves, probably a German patrol path he thought. They led northward, into the heart of the forest. Sliding into the ruts, he followed them a short distance, trying to think of a way to leave the trail without making telltale tracks. As he passed close to a clump of bushes, he found the answer. Bracing himself, he leaped high into the air and landed on his runners behind the underbrush.

Crouched behind the snow-laden bushes, he glimpsed one of the German patrols approaching on skis. The patrol stopped near the thicket and stood staring at the ground. As Nikolka held his breath, the German stooped to pick up an object on the snow. Nikolka's heart froze. Had he dropped something that would betray his presence?

As the soldier straightened, Nikolka saw a flash of red and green in his hand. In that wild leap for cover, Elsa's Christmas card had fallen out of his pocket!

All at once the patrol lifted his arms.

"*Kamerad!*" he called, and fixed his eyes expectantly on the bushes.

Nikolka did not stir. This might be a trick. He was unarmed and would be helpless.

Then the German soldier unslung his rifle and laid it on the snow, stepped back and raised his arms again in surrender.

Nikolka darted out from behind the underbrush. He picked up the rifle and faced his

voluntary prisoner. Now he was close enough to see how the young man's face, so pale and haggard, was transfigured with hope; how the gray eyes shone with friendliness. Nikolka knew that, in spite of the enemy uniform, here was a true comrade.

With an eager smile, the German held out the pass with its promise: "We receive every volunteer prisoner as a brother." Nikolka returned the card to his pocket. In a questioning tone, he repeated, "*Rooski partisini?*" He hoped that the words, "Russian partisans" would be understandable.

The German nodded eagerly, and started back toward the entrance to the woods. Nikolka followed trustingly.



"Elsa! What miracle brought you here?"

Presently, the German halted. Ahead was a clump of birch trees standing close together. Sharp eyes must have been watching, for a man in a Red Army uniform emerged from a bank of thick underbrush and approached with leveled rifle. "Who comes?" he demanded in Russian.

"Nikolka, son of Ivan Notkin—special messenger from the Kraskova command!"

At his words, a Red Army officer with a bandage around his head came running from the thicket. He joyfully embraced Nikolka. "How did you find us?"

"The German prisoner told us about——"

"But who's this one?"

"He's another volunteer prisoner! He led me here."

"That means he's trustworthy—he knew our hiding place, yet didn't betray us."

"So the Colonel was right—you're not partisans," said Nikolka.

"No, we defended the village near the highway almost to our last man. Then, as a big tank division swept into the streets, we who survived fled into the forest, carrying our most seriously wounded. But tell me, how did you get through the enemy lines?"

"What enemy lines?" Nikolka demanded exultantly. "We captured the Kalinin highway two weeks ago!"

"I must tell the others that wonderful news!" said the officer and led them into a tangled thicket, man-made to conceal a rude hut. Four wounded Red Army soldiers were huddled over a small fire. All were suffering from hunger and exposure.

Nikolka opened his knapsack. "Look, I brought food!" He filled a kettle with snow, and when the water was boiling, emptied in three packages of dried chicken noodle soup.

"It's *Amerikanski* soup," he announced to the wondering circle, when they sniffed the aroma. "Our garrison got kits from America—here are crackers and *shokolad*, too!"

After they had eaten the crackers, hot soup and chocolate, everyone looked brighter. But they waited until dark to leave the wretched hideout. The German soldier went ahead on skis to reconnoiter. At his signal, they followed him through almost impenetrable underbrush and deep snowdrifts.

At dawn, they came to the edge of the forest and the ruined village. The commander of the village garrison was overjoyed to see the officer and his men, who had been reported missing in action.

Nikolka asked permission to take his prisoner to Kraskova, for tonight was Christmas Eve according to the old Julian calendar still followed by the Russian Orthodox Church. Elsa had celebrated Christmas on December 25, but village tradition made January 7 the real Christmas to Nikolka. If only he could reach home in time. His mother would have baked special rolls and cakes, and Elsa's *Tannenbaum* (Christmas tree) could be their *Yolka*.

Sergeant Gorbenko gladly made ready to return. The jeep carried Nikolka and his prisoner close to the big log house on the outskirts of Kraskova. It was after midnight.

The house was dark and empty, so Nikolka guessed that the womenfolk had gone to Mid-night Mass. Wishing the sergeant and the *Amerikanski* jeep a happy *Rozhestvo Christovo*, he climbed out.

In the living room upstairs, the German prisoner stared at Elsa's fir tree with mouth wide open, like a delighted child. To please him still more, Nikolka lighted the candles. He had just finished, when he heard the crunch of felt boots on the powdery snow outside. He dashed down to the warm kitchen as Elsa and his mother entered. They carried lighted tapers for the family altar.

"Nikolka, my pigeon!" cried his mother. "God has sent a Christmas blessing!"

Nikolka took Elsa aside. "Listen, *Elzushka*, I brought a German war prisoner—"

"No, no, Nicky, I can't bear to meet any more Germans claiming to be my brother!"

"This one doesn't claim anything. He found your Christmas card in the snow, and surrendered to me. He risked his life to lead us out of there—please be kind to him!"

"Then, of course, I'll welcome him. . . ."

They reached the shut door of the living room.

"I lighted the candles on the tree, Elsa. I wish you joy on Christ's birthday."

Elsa leaned against the door, overcome by memories of Christmas morning at home, before the curse of Hitlerism had come to Germany. She and her older brother had waited hand in hand outside the closed room where the fir tree stood, singing the old German Christmas tree carol, *O, Tannenbaum*.

She opened the door, and saw the face of the German war prisoner in the candlelight.

"Erich!"

"Elsa!" He ran toward her. "What miracle brought you *here*? You and father were in France the last I heard!"

"Didn't you know? Didn't you read my message?"

"What message?"

"I mean, my message to you on the Christmas card you picked up in the forest!"

Erich shook his head in happy bewilderment. He had not looked on the other side of the pass! He had not needed his sister's message to win him over. He had needed only the assurance that those who were fighting to destroy the enemy of all mankind would receive him as a brother.

Nikolka tiptoed out of the room. He must report to the Colonel that his mission was completed.

Pigeons With Purple Hearts

R. K. KENT

The five-weeks-old pigeons at right come out of their loft for the first time to begin their training with the U. S. Army Signal Corps



COURTESY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

BACK YARDS, all over the country, are often a mess of various sized lofts, and the neighbors are annoyed because of the soft "cooscoos" that come from the lofts. They think pigeons are a nuisance because the owners don't eat them. But to the girls and boys who raise them there is a certain satisfaction in breeding good homing pigeons, and racing them is good clean sport.

Carrier pigeons have an impressive background. The whole secret of their homing instinct lies in their fondness for home. These birds have a strong sense of family duty. They mate for life. They hatch two babies at a time about once a month until prevented by cold weather—"they," because papa not only assists with the housework such as building the nest, but takes turns sitting on the eggs.

With so many batches of babies, it is a good thing that the featherless little fellows develop rapidly. When a bird is about four weeks old its homing training begins and training continues until a bird is no longer able to fly. A bird is thought to be at its best from about six months to the age of seven years. But they live much longer than that, some to the ripe old age of thirteen years. The oldest bird known to be alive was captured by the allies during the last war.

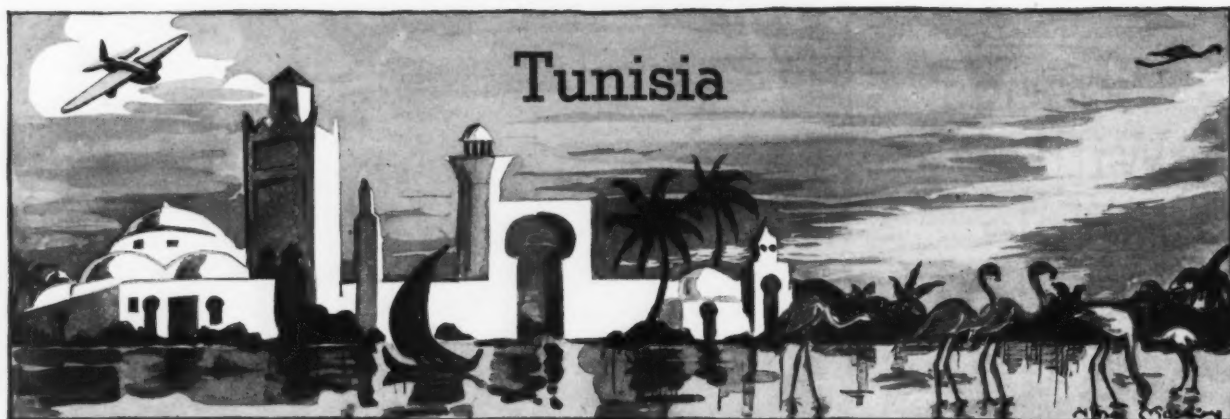
A highly developed nervous system, and streamlined bodies, are the things that make them homers. Their average weight is about a pound for the cocks, and twelve to fifteen ounces for the females; and like any athlete most of this is muscle. Continuous experimentation and cross breeding have developed today's fine specimens of homing pigeons.

Training a bird to come home is easy for one

who understands them. First the birds are let out of the lofts and allowed to exercise their wings by flying in circles above the lofts. Then they are coaxed down with a soft whistle and by rattling grain in a can. Later they are taken a short distance from home and released. The next time a little farther . . . then a little farther. Each time they learn to get their bearings and fly a straight course home. Any bird who by this time hasn't developed the homing instinct is a "rat," and is discarded. When a bird is released, it rises a little, circles a bit to get its bearings, then flies straight home. The average flight is about thirty miles per hour, with top recording being ninety miles per hour. Night flying has never been perfected, but when a bird is making a long flight it knows enough to find quarters for the night, then start on its way in the morning. However, one American bird is known to have flown 1,041 miles, nonstop.

Since the invention of the telephone and telegraph, carrier pigeons have been of little practical use except in times of war. But the activities of carrier pigeons date back to antiquity. It is a known fact that the Chinese used them as messengers over three thousand years ago. And there is little doubt that the dove released from the Ark by Noah was really a carrier pigeon. During the times of the Egyptian kings, it was customary to carry pigeons to the crowning ceremonies. At the end of the ceremony the pigeons were released, and they flew home to the various provinces with news of the crowning.

Wealthy Romans had a practical use for pigeons. They carried pigeons in baskets into
(Concluded on page 88)



ELEANOR HOFFMANN

TUNISIA is one of the oldest and most interesting countries of Africa. Along the northern coast rise wooded mountains of cork oak and tree-heather; on the eastern coast lie the white, walled cities. There is modern Bizerte with its land-locked harbor and strong fortifications. There is Tunis, older than London or Paris. There are Sousse, as famous as Key West for its sponge fisheries; Sfax, on the edge of an orchard of three million olive trees, and Gabès, the only oasis of date palms on the ocean. Here at Gabès near the border of Tripolitania the Sahara begins, stretching inland in alternate areas of coarse grit sparsely covered with camel's thorn, treacherous dry salt lakes, yellow sand dunes, and the famous oases of date palms.

Like Egypt, this corner of Africa with its Arab population suggests the Near East rather than jungle and jungle tribes. Tunis with its bazars, its dark and crooked streets, its mosques, its veiled women, is as oriental as Damascus or Bagdad.

Though the Tunisian Arabs have lived side by side with their French protectors for seventy years, they still cling to the customs and way of life that they brought with them out of Arabia thirteen centuries ago.

Our American soldiers must feel that they have stepped back into Biblical times in the bazars and market places of native cities. A twisted turban above a bearded face, a hooded cloak, or burnous, heelless slippers of yellow goatskin make up the man's costume.

Fezzes and Turkish trousers with bright silk vests are also common. Colors are gayer in Tunisia than in Algeria, where many burnouses are a sober dark blue or green, or in Morocco, where almost all are white. Tunisian women are as strictly veiled today as when Mohammed first decreed that they should

never show their faces in public. On the street bulky white cotton draperies cover all silk and velvet, brocades and jewels. A black veil covers mouth and nose, leaving only two dark eyes visible.

In the Tunisian home, windows look down upon the street. No gardens surround the houses. Like the typical dwelling of Spain and Latin America, each house forms a hollow square surrounding an inner patio. The only door opens on to the street. To this the master of the house carries the key.

If the streets are for the men, the flat roofs of the city are for the women. Here where no men are allowed, they can wear their gayest clothes and jewels, gossip and sing, play their lutes and beat their hand drums.

Whether in desert tents or city houses, Arab hospitality is famous, and many an American soldier has eaten an Arab meal during his African stay. The two things that probably surprise him most are that no woman comes to the table, he never meets his hostess, and that he must use his fingers instead of knife and fork. At an Arab dinner you do not go to the table; the table is brought to you. As you are sitting with your host on cushions or mattresses on the floor, a servant brings a low wooden table and sets it in front of you. Your host does not ask if you would like to wash your hands. Instead, the servant passes a basin with pink soap from guest to guest, pours water from a pitcher for rinsing, and passes a bath towel around for the drying.

Now you are ready to dip into the enormous platter in the middle of the table. There may be three golden chickens in a gravy of olive oil, butter, raisins and almonds, or a leg of tender lamb or young goat on a bed of steamed grain, or a spicy vegetable stew followed by doughnuts dipped in honey or other sweet-

meats, figs, raisins and thick Turkish coffee. It is not surprising that from Morocco to Tunis the city Arab is fat as a puppy.

On the other hand, the nomad Arab who lives in black goats'-hair tents and drives his camels and his flocks from place to place either for fresh pasturage or for work in the grainfields is as lean and sinewy as the scrawny chickens he packs on top of his camels.

A caravan on the march chokes the road, making no effort to make way for bus or automobile. When camels, goats, donkeys, sheep and Arabs meet one of our armored divisions there is utmost confusion—pushing, crowding, cursing, scrambling up banks, barking savage white dogs, braying burros and dust and the rank smell of the black-eared goats thickening the air.

Many a soldier has been tempted to get a baby camel or kid as company mascot. Of all soft newborn animals, including kittens, puppies and calves, there is nothing softer than a baby camel.

If the low black tents of the nomads are impressive against the yellow desert, they are no less striking in the wild-flower fields of the north. North African wild flowers are as famous as those of California. From March to May the country sparkles with scarlet poppies, wild gladioli and sweet peas, daisies and yellow broom. They make a fine setting for the swarthy nomad women in their dark blue cotton draperies and heavy silver ornaments.

If you were one of our pilots flying above the Tunis docks you might be startled to see the air thick with beautiful pink birds, large and long-legged as cranes, rising frightened from the water. They are the pink flamingos that wade by the hundreds in the shallow bay. At sunset when the sky matches their rosy plumage and the water shimmers blue and violet at the edge of the white city, they make a lovely and unforgettable picture.

The French city that lies outside the walls of old Tunis has a pleasant mixture of French and Italian atmosphere. There are broad, palm-lined avenues, splendid restaurants, book stores, moving-picture houses, sidewalk cafes with orchestras. Only street signs which are in both French and Arab script remind you that you are in Africa.

But step inside the "Bab el Bahar"—the Gate of the Sea—and every face is bearded or veiled. From the coffee houses comes Arab music, shrill and acid. The dim light of narrow streets becomes even dimmer as you reach the famous bazars roofed over against rain and sun. Sitting cross-legged in tiny dens on raised platforms, each kind of merchant has his own section—the



Above, mosque of Sidi ben Ziad in Tunis



TWO LOWER PHOTOS, THREE LIONS

An Arab woman in Tunis asks cashier at box office of modern movie house when feature begins; below, boy and girl of Bizerte



perfume vendor, the silk weaver at his loom, the tailor embroidering a gay vest. The maker of fezzes scrapes and cards his felt with dried thistleheads, the shoemaker cuts away at yellow goatskins, the brass worker hammers intricate designs into trays and pitchers, the silversmith fashions bracelets and anklets. Everything is done by hand, and everything is done as it was done a thousand years ago.

The Tunis airport, which was such a prize for our forces, covers part of a buried Phoenician city centuries older than Arab Tunis. For this modern airport lies at the foot of Carthage Hill—Queen Dido's Carthage, which was conquered and destroyed by Rome seven centuries before the arrival of the Arabs in Africa.

From the top of the hill where the temple to the Phoenician god Eshmun stood, or from the air, you look down at the ancient S-shaped harbor where Hannibal moored his fleet and the island where he stabled his elephants, making ready for his struggle with Rome. So thorough was the destruction of Carthage by Rome—you remember the land where it had stood was cursed and plowed, and salt was strewn in the furrows—that almost all our knowledge today of the ancient city and its life comes from the tombs and the burial grounds.

For a century its earth lay scorched and barren. Then Rome herself built her African capital on that historic site. From the air you can still see the great stone aqueduct that brought water from the Zaghouan Hills. You can see ruined baths and temples and the amphitheater where in the days of Roman persecution the Christian martyrs were thrown to wild beasts. Walking through the fields, you yourself might uncover fragments of mosaic and pottery, marble or iridescent glass, so rich is this earth in historic souvenirs.

On the far side of the Carthage Hill, in the village of La Marsa, is the palace of the Bey of Tunisia. Near by is the villa of the French Resident General. It has been a long time since the Bey has been the real ruler of his country. For three centuries he paid allegiance to Turkey. By permitting the French to help him get rid of the Turks, the Bey put

himself under the protection of France.

Italy resented this arrangement. There are more Italians in the city of Tunis than there are Frenchmen. Italy wanted the Tunisian grainfields, the vineyards, the olive orchards, the pasturage for sheep and goats, the cork of the northern forests, the important harbor of Bizerte, the phosphates valuable as fertilizers, the minerals of the mountains and the dates of the desert.

Before the present war, tourists loved this North African country with its sunny winters, its magnificent bathing beaches, its picturesque native life. When the war is over, they will flock back and they will be as valuable an asset as the grain and the olives.

No one who is not a Mohammedan may make the pilgrimage to the sacred Arabian city of Mecca, but anyone can visit Tunisia's sacred city of Kairouan. For a good Mohammedan, seven journeys to Kairouan equal one to Mecca and give him the title of "hadj," or pilgrim. Moreover, in Kairouan, and in Kairouan alone of all Tunisian cities, a Christian can enter the mosques. From the top of the minaret of the "Great Mosque" he can look down to fountain and courtyard where the faithful make their ablutions before bowing their foreheads to the ground in prayer. Or he can look out across the gray, forbidding desert that lies between this walled city and the fertile coast.

When the French built their good roads south to Gabès, they not only stopped short within fifty miles of the Tripolitanian border but also built a series of fortifications, the Mareth, or "Little Maginot," Line. At the time, their main object was to keep the Italians at a safe distance. Little did they think that Germans, and above all, Americans would one day battle so fiercely for this barren fringe of the Sahara.

Now that our armies have moved onto the European mainland, Tunisia has become almost a backwater of the war. The country once more stands a chance of returning to its former serene and happy days, with the caravans plodding peacefully north to the fields of grain and the flamingos wading again undisturbed in the quiet bay.

ABOUT THE FRONTISPIECE

"The Great Road," the poem on the frontispiece page, was included in American Junior Red Cross international school correspondence sent by the Elm Place School, Highland Park, Illinois, to a school in England. We are always proud when we see a letter-booklet going overseas which contains writing as full of imagination as "The Great

Road." Lynd Ward, the famous artist whom we asked to illustrate "The Great Road" wrote us this about it:

"I think that the Highland Park Sixth Grade is to be congratulated on a fine collective achievement. It strikes me as a remarkably fine piece of creative work."

Up in Baffin Land

ELIZABETH LUKENS FLEMING

HAVE YOU ever thought that other people besides the Eskimo live in the Polar North? In Baffin Land there are not many others, it is true, but there are a few of them dwelling beyond the Arctic Circle—missionaries and the fur traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen and government radio operators, doctors and nurses.

All that you have read about the remoteness and isolation of the Canadian Far North is true. It is a vast region of snow and ice and loneliness. It is so far away and so frozen that only one ship can get up there during the whole year, and she had to be built especially for this purpose. Her bow and sides are re-enforced with steel and her rudder is of steel especially hardened so that she can withstand the pressure of the grinding ice. The famous and historical Hudson's Bay Company own and operate the *Nascopie* and send her north each summer during the few months when the sea is open. She carries all the supplies needed for the coming year, so you can imagine how eagerly her arrival is awaited. For days and weeks at each lonely little "post" they watch for her, looking for the thin line of smoke from her funnel showing against the sky.

No other ship in the world carries a cargo quite like the *Nascopie's*—whaling-boats and electric dynamos, food supplies and sacks of coal, radio tubes and motorboat engines, children's clothes and tooth paste, teakettles and spools and thread and dolls' trunks.

One summer not so long ago I traveled north on the *Nascopie* with my husband, who went as Canada's Bishop of the Arctic. We were on the ship for just two days less than five months. At each port we saw and visited the Eskimo. We talked with them and called on them in their tents; we asked them about their success in hunting and sealing, and the Bishop had many services with them. I saw Eskimo boys paddling kayaks and Eskimo girls making their sealskin boots. I saw fat little Eskimo hunters and old Eskimo women with tattooed faces. I shook hands with King-o-wat-se-ak and Putigook, Chartie and Spyglassi, An-il-me-oob and Lukesi Kidlapik.

When we went into Lukesi Kidlapik's tent on Southampton Island, his wife noticed that



Eskimo boys in Baffin Land

a button was missing from my sealskin camera case. Quickly she took the camera case from my hand and showed the remaining button to her husband. It was pretty and unusual, because it was octagonal. Lukesi nodded and smiled and then picked up a walrus tusk and his file. Sitting on a pile of caribou skins, he began to work. He took no measurements but within half an hour I had another button so perfect in match that now I cannot tell which was the original.

Pangnirtung is the largest settlement in the Eastern Arctic, with a population of 12 white people, 9 grownups and 3 children. Here is the hospital maintained by the Diocese of the Arctic, a hospital of twenty-four beds and as perfect in its equipment as any in civilization. It has an X-ray machine and an iron lung and all the other apparatus necessary. Painted around the walls of the nursery is a fascinating frieze with pictures of things to delight an Eskimo baby—polar bears and walrus; a hunter at a seal-hole, spear in hand; a village of igloos; and a splendid dog team.

We spent a good deal of time talking with the patients, of course, but I think that I was perhaps even more interested in the two young Eskimo helpers at the hospital, Mary, who was fourteen, and Eve-y, who was fifteen. They were pretty as pictures. They assisted the matron in the kitchen and carried trays, washed dishes and did a dozen other things. I was very much impressed by their neatness and efficiency. Yet, from all accounts, Eve-y in particular was once a thoroughly lazy little girl.

Eskimo mothers do not make their children do things. They simply let them suffer the consequences of not doing them. One day Eve-y's mother told her that the time had come for her to make her own boots. She gave her the sealskin, the sinew and the bone needle. Then she did no more. For days, nothing happened. The materials remained

(Concluded on page 88)

American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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NO. 4

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

Hope on the Horizon

AS 1945 DAWNS, there is hope all over the world that the new year will bring the beginnings of a lasting peace. Hope centers in the building of the peace structure of the United Nations. In your lifetime you are likely either to see that great project succeed, or else your lives may be ruined by a war worse even than the one we have been going through.

In the years ahead, there are things you can do which can help prevent that war. You can begin in school to get that understanding of your own self, your family, your schoolmates, your home town, your state, your world, which is so necessary to peace. Your study of geography and history now can be cornerstones of that understanding. When you get to junior high and high school, you can study the languages of other peoples. Then, with travel rapid and frequent, you will be able to speak French when you visit French Canada, and Spanish when you go south to Mexico. When you fly over the pole to Moscow or cross the equator to Rio, you will be glad for the Russian or the Portuguese you have picked up in college. Perhaps before you finish your education, you will even have the chance of learning Chinese. In other words, if only peace can be created, you have exciting adventures ahead.

Right now you can join with children in other lands in building a peaceful, productive future. You can exchange letter booklets and

albums with them through AJRC International School Correspondence. You can fill the new gift boxes with things which boys and girls in the occupied territories have been deprived of for so long. And surely if the Eskimo in Baffin Land can find ways of contributing to the Red Cross (see p. 88), you can think up ways of making fine contributions to the AJRC National Children's Fund.

International in War and in Peace

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE of the Red Cross is truly international in war and in peace. The one way that food, mail, medicine, books, seeds, musical instruments, games and other vital supplies can reach our men in prison camps in Germany is through this committee. It works both ways, of course: the Committee sees to it that similar gifts from Germany reach German prisoners of war. Unfortunately it has not been possible to keep up as good a supply of needed materials to our men and women imprisoned in Japanese camps, but everything that could be done by the American Red Cross has been done. No wonder grateful letters stream in from prisoners of war overseas and their relatives at home.

AFTER THE WAR . . .

By a Prisoner of War

After the war . . .
Won't it be funny . . .
To hear the chink of silver money,
To go for a walk without a guard,
To sit on a chair that isn't hard,
To eat off a plate that isn't iron,
To have a comfortable bed to lie on,
To go to a flick, to drive a car
With no one wondering where you are,
To talk to people you really like,
To sit in a bath, or ride a bike,
To wear clean clothes, to speak by phone,
To have a room of your very own,
To send a letter away by post.
And get a reply in a week at most,
To sit by a fire when it's gray and "parky,"
To wear a suit that isn't khaki,
To turn from a plate of good plum duff
And say "No thank you, I've had enough!"
Won't it be funny—won't it be bliss!—
To have you and Mum again after this.

(Courtesy of the Australian Red Cross Society's "Notes on Red Cross Activities," September 1943; reprinted in "The Indian Junior," January-March, 1944.)



Young Yugoslavs at a refugee camp in Egypt with paintings and a tiny clay rooster made with AJRC supplies



These Yugoslav boys enjoy wearing U. S. clothes sent to the camp by the American Red Cross



School tablets in use by the children of the camp are labeled with the Yugoslav words printed below

POKLON AMERIKANSKOG OMLADINSKOG CRVENOG KRSTA

(These Yugoslav words mean "Gift of the American Junior Red Cross")



BLOCK PRINTS BY YUGOSLAV CHILDREN

The European children Ann Eshner Jaffe has pictured on the cover represent only a few of those who will share in the delight of opening the new gift boxes of school supplies from the American Junior Red Cross. One hundred and fifty thousand boxes, crammed full of such educational materials as compasses, paints, note-

books, penwipers, blotters and erasers, are on their way overseas. This is the first step in the AJRC plan to send educational and health materials to children overseas.

The boy and girl modeling clay in the cover picture are wearing the sort of clothes which AJRC members, in cooperation with senior production programs, have made in their sewing classes. Many such garments were held in American Red Cross warehouses for distribution when the way was made clear.

Pens and pencils and crayons, modeling clay, soap and toothbrushes, needles and thread sound like everyday things to you. But the refugee children in the photo at right chorused cheers for the AJRC when they received the school tablets sent to them last year. They had been studying in tents, in a spot so bare there were not even palm trees. Their desks were tables and benches made of driftwood reclaimed from the Red Sea. For lack of school equipment, they were learning to count with stones.

At the export depots a metric ruler will be

put in each of the new boxes, because the metric system of measurement is used in many countries abroad. The rulers, the cost of the gift boxes and shipping charges are being paid for from the National Children's Fund. The American Red Cross pays for packing and inspection at the warehouses before final shipment. You can make the inspectors' work easier by making certain everything you include is new and clean and by following carefully your teacher's instructions.

Soon after plans for the school supplies gift boxes were completed, your National Children's Fund was called upon for \$87,500 to purchase 2500 medicine kits for school children in Yugoslavia, Greece and Belgium. Other countries may be included later. Through the help of the Joint Commission of the International Red Cross, it is possible to send the kits to enemy-occupied as well as liberated countries. Such familiar things as aspirin and soda, boric acid powder and medicine droppers, bandages and tincture of methiolate are included in a list of thirty items packed in each medical kit. The medicines will be sent to schools and children's institutions so that boys and girls most in need of help will receive it. There is no limit to the needs of child victims of this war. Support of your National Children's Fund will make it possible to continue with other gestures of friendship from the AJRC.—M.C.W.



Canadian Correspondents

JUNIOR RED CROSS members in the Independent Valley School, Tupper Creek, British Columbia, call themselves "The Red Cross Rangers." Letters they wrote in a school correspondence album to a school in Hawaii show that there is still pioneer life in Canada.

WE LIVE in the Peace River district of Northern Alberta. Our post office is in British Columbia, and we live just one mile from the boundary. To come here you would cross the Pacific to Vancouver on the western coast of Canada. From there you would have to cross the Great Range of the Rocky Mountains. Then you would come through Alberta's capital, Edmonton, and from Edmonton to Tupper Creek, British Columbia.

My people came to this district in 1929. There were no roads here then, only paths that had been made by wild animals. My father cut a rough road through the trees so we could get through with the wagon.

We lived in a tent until the house was built. It was necessary to cut down trees and clear brush to get a place for building the house. Then we got out jack pine logs to make the walls. This is hard, heavy work, but there are many nice straight logs here, and they make a good warm building if the cracks are well chinked. We have poles on the roof and dirt on the poles. Then there are slabs on the dirt. A slab is the first cut off the side of a log. It is flat on one side and has the bark on the other. We have only two rooms, and our house isn't very fancy. At first we used just the ground for a floor; then we had one of hewed timber, but now we have the board floor made. We filled the cracks in the walls with moss. Our door swings on wooden, homemade hinges, and Father made the latch for it as well.

In 1930, the first train came through our town. There was a large crowd there to welcome its arrival. Now the track goes only twenty-seven miles northwest of here.

Our farms have been much improved since we first arrived. We have cleared the bush and plowed the land. The roads have been graded. We now raise horses, cattle, pigs, chickens and turkeys. Every year we have a garden which furnishes us with potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, peas, onions and cabbage enough for our own use. There are strawber-

ries, raspberries and rhubarb in the garden, too. We have now a log barn, chicken house and ice house. People here put up ice every winter. They cut it on the lake and haul it home where they pack it in sawdust in the ice house. We use this for drinking water during the summer, and we often use it to make ice cream. There are beautiful pine trees in our yard so we didn't need to plant a shelter belt. Mother has flower beds around the house, and many of the perennials such as pansies and larkspurs are growing before the snow is completely gone in the spring.

Our school is situated on the main valley road. There are poplar and willow trees in the yard. The building is made of jack pine logs and it has dovetailed corners. The roof and gable ends are shingled. It has a brick chimney made with clay plaster. The flagpole is on the front of the school. There are six large windows on the east side and two small ones on the west.

The one large room is about thirty-six by twenty-four feet. There are blackboards at the front and side. The large stove at the end of the room looks like a barrel which has been tipped and set upon legs. There is a door in one end of the barrel so we can put the firewood into the stove. It takes wood that is three feet long. There are maps and pictures on the walls. The teacher's desk and some of the other desks are homemade, and so are the cupboard, bookcase and washstand. There are twelve pupils in our school. We have grades 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10. We all walk to school and bring our lunch. Two tenth-grade girls are janitors. They keep the school clean and warm.

Our school was built in 1934. The people of the district did all the work on it. It is the only community center, so we also have church and dances here. We like our school and are proud of its name: "Independent Valley."

Canada is like the United States in having citizens who have come from many other lands. The Prairie Dell School in Stavely, Alberta, told a school in Alaska about a colony of Russians who came to Canada.

THERE are many Hutterite colonies in Alberta. There is one near the town of Granum. In one colony there are about eighty-five peo-

ple. The people dress in black, and both women and men wear rubber shoes. They keep their houses very clean. They have creameries, and they milk a lot of cows. When the men get married, they let their beards grow. The children have to go to school every day of the week. The women get up at two o'clock in the morning to make buns for breakfast. The little boys and girls have to work very hard, too. Sometimes the young girls and boys run away from the colony and get married. They get their name from Jakob Huter, the founder of their religion. He founded their faith in Moravia in the sixteenth century. His followers were persecuted and some of them fled to Hungary and Russia. The first home of the Hutterites of Granum was in Russia.

Every part of Canada, like every part of the United States, feels the impact of this war. In the album they prepared for a school in the United States, the four children in the Panmure Island School wrote:

PANMURE ISLAND is in eastern Prince Edward Island. There are about five hundred acres of land on it. The people live by farming and fishing. About forty-six people live on this island, and four go to school. We have a lighthouse and fog alarm, and have visitors in the summer months. There are four men in the Canadian armed forces from Panmure; two are in Air Corps, and two are in the Army. There is a lobster factory which makes the spring a busy time, as many people come to fish. Panmure Island is a nice place, especially in summer.

Greenmount School at Tignish, also in the Province of Prince Edward Island, told about a new industry that has sprung up there since

the war which has proved of great value.

NEWER than the silver fox industry on P. E. I. is the gathering of Irish moss.

The outbreak of a war in Europe had shut off our main source of Irish moss until it was discovered that Prince Edward Island could supply it in large quantities.

Long ago people discovered that the bright green marine growth that creeps down rock edges from low tide level to a depth of fifteen

feet could be bleached, and from it obtained a substance called gelose, which could be used to make a tasty blancmange.

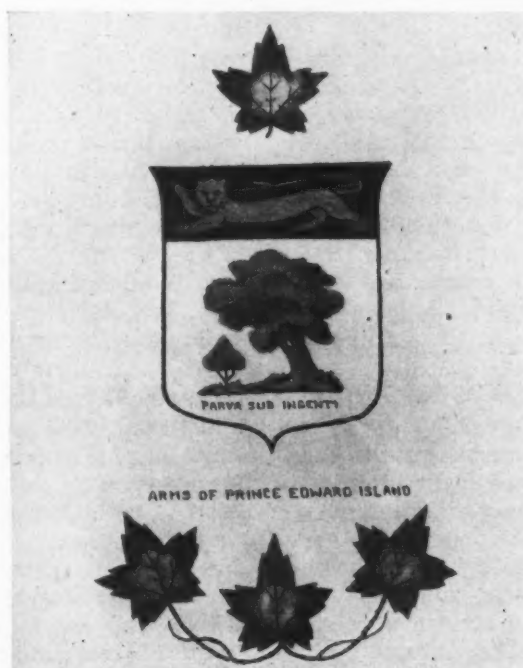
Summer storms tear the Irish moss from the rocks and cast it up on the shore in great quantities. Gelose in shoe polish adds a glossy finish, in shaving cream helps give you a velvety lather, in brewing clarifies ale, in ice cream making prevents the formation of crystals.

In 1941 Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island fishermen added to their hard-won income by collecting and drying 247 pounds of Irish moss which they sold at 15c per pound; 25c if bleached. Prince Edward Island pro-

duced all but 31,000 pounds of the 1942 crop, which meant that Prince Edward Island fishermen gathered on the shores and raked from the rocks perhaps a million pounds, as four or five pounds of damp or wet moss makes only a pound when dried.

August is the big harvest month, but from the first of May till the ice closes Northumberland Strait, men, women and children gather in large quantities and dry this new product. It is packed in large bundles and shipped to Montreal and many places in the United States.

Thus we of Prince Edward Island do our part in contributing to the industry of the world.



Cover of school correspondence album sent to Chelan Junior High School, Wenatchee, Washington, from Victoria School, Victoria, Prince Edward Island, Canada

Up in Baffin Land

(Continued from page 83)

in a doll's trunk, which is the favorite Eskimo sewing basket, and which the Hudson's Bay Company sends up in quantity every year. They are excellent for the purpose, being light and easy to carry on umiaks or dog-sleds. When the sole of Eve-y's old boots wore out, what did she do? She just pulled the boots farther down, and used the side as the sole, and it was not until that part was worn through so that her feet were cut on the rocks that she made her new boots!

It is, of course, the spirit of those who minister which makes the hospital. Miss Hockin, the nurse in charge, loves her job so much that she will not come out on the furlough due her at the end of four years, but stays five before she takes a holiday. When she feels that way about the people of Baffin Land you can imagine how they feel about her. She has helped the Eskimo to reach the point where they want to help other people. Last year these Eskimo gave \$69 to the Red Cross.

Pigeons with Purple Hearts

(Continued from page 79)

the stadium, and later released them with the names of the guests they had invited for dinner, or with desired changes in the dinner menu. The same as Dad telephoning Mother from the ball game, "I'm bringing Jim home for dinner. Make dumplings, will you?"

It was the Rothschilds of London who utilized pigeons in business. They shipped birds from their London house to their establishment in Paris. Then, when some important event took place in Paris, the birds were released and carried the news directly to the London house.

And although the dove is the bird of peace, its closest relative, the pigeon has proved its greatest worth in wars. Pigeons were used in battles as far back as the siege of Jerusalem. History has recorded many instances of their use as messengers in the battles of the Crusades. During the Napoleonic wars

You may well ask how they did it when they never use money, and when it has no meaning to them. To them money is merely a coin that jingles nicely if you sew it on your clothes. But Miss Hockin thought out a way.

The men caught seals—not baby seals whose first coat is woolly like a lamb's—but young seals with their second coat, which is silvery and silken. That was their part of the gift. Next the women cleaned the skins with bone scrapers, cured them, and then chewed them until they were soft and pliable. Then, like an old-fashioned "bee," they gathered at the hospital to do their sewing. Their thread was made from the jumping muscle of the caribou, because that has the greatest give to it, and strip by strip, the women sewed together the skins until they had fashioned mats or rugs that are extremely pretty. Then the finished articles were sent out on the *Nas-copie* by Miss Hockin and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross. And when the children see their mothers and fathers helping in this way, they, too, learn to think of those "less fortunate than themselves."

birds transmitted news of great battles in advance of the human couriers. Then in the Franco-Prussian war, during the siege of Paris, Parisians sent notes to the outside world by pigeons.

A lot of these pets are flying out their royal purple hearts for the United States Signal Corps. They are a part of the regular equipment of bombers, to be used in case the radio connection is broken or if silence is advisable. They are carried into battles. There was one bird who arrived back at headquarters in the South Seas with his body almost split open, but the capsule on his leg containing the vital message was intact. General Patton for some time insisted that all of his official messages be sent by pigeon—or at least a duplicate of each message—to assure delivery. And everyone has heard of Yank, the brave-hearted bird that delivered the glorious news of the fall of Tunisia.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING FROM ECUADOR

This message to the children of the United States of America came in a JRC international school correspondence album sent from Ecuador:

"The pupils of the sixth grade B of School 'Isabel la Catolica,' Number 15, (Quito) on the part of the Ecuadorian children send New Year's greetings through the Ecuadorian Red Cross.

"Let this message express our wish: That the hostilities born of selfishness and greed may

cease, that the sadness reflected in our faces because of the orphaning, fear and misery caused by the war shall disappear and that in its place may come the Angel of Peace to spread happiness, tranquillity and joy. To obtain this, we must be united and act as real brothers and citizens, conquering all obstacles, so that each country may prosper and so that all countries may join together in one Fatherland."

Thank-You Note from Algiers

MANY of the little bags of candy-coated chocolates which the National Children's Fund purchased at Christmastime in 1943 were sent to North Africa. Scores of letters of thanks were written by the boys and girls who received the candy.

Aicha Medbouk and Pettouma Djouabi signed this thank-you letter illustrated with color sketches like the one at right showing activities of the Junior Red Cross in Algeria:

WE WANT to thank you for the candy that you sent to the little children in Algiers.

So we thought we might give you pleasure by telling you the story of what happened on Thursday, May 25.

Miss Gertrude Clarke, the American Red Cross representative, herself came to bring us the candy.

First we raised the flag, because we love our country very much. Then the children were questioned in Arabic:

أش تحبوا؟
نكون صعيقة في الصليب الاحمر
على واش؟
باش نجمعو باش يعملو الخير
نكون جايبة الفرح
نعاون الناس الآخرين
أش تعمل الصغيرة في الصليب الاحمر
المرأة في الصليب الاحمر
في الاول: تستر نفسها من الذنوب و
جسد هامن القرض
في الثاني: تعرف بالتي التقاوة نصر الصيحة
في الثالث: تعرف بالي الفرح واجب و
تبتسم حتى في صعوبات
في الرابع: تعرف بالكثرة يشتحو
الانسان تنسى روحه باش
يعاون الآخرين

The Algerian girl right wears emblem of the "Croix Rouge de la Jeunesse." The Arabic below (translated in text) reads right to left, as question marks show



This is what the Arabic meant: *What would you like to be?* Answer: A member of the Junior Red Cross.

Why?

To unite in doing right, to be messengers of joy, and to help others.

What does a member of the J. R. C. do?

A member of the Junior Red Cross

1. Keeps his heart free from evil and his body from sickness
2. Knows that cleanliness is important for health
3. Knows that joy is essential and smiles even under difficulties
4. Knows that in order to help others, one must often forget oneself.

Then Miss Clarke gave to each new member a uniform badge. Our uniform is a dress made of white pique with the emblem of the *Croix Rouge de la Jeunesse* (Junior Red Cross) embroidered in red.

And here is our song:

Hello, Junior! Come to work singing.
Absorb from the clear water and the sunlight
Strength and health,—and sing!
Sing! It is God who leads you and God who loves you.

Hear in your heart his voice which speaks to you and tells you
To be pure, to beware of evil,
To be true, and avoid lies,
To be good, so that every day your kindness may give to someone

A little of your happiness.

Sing, Junior!

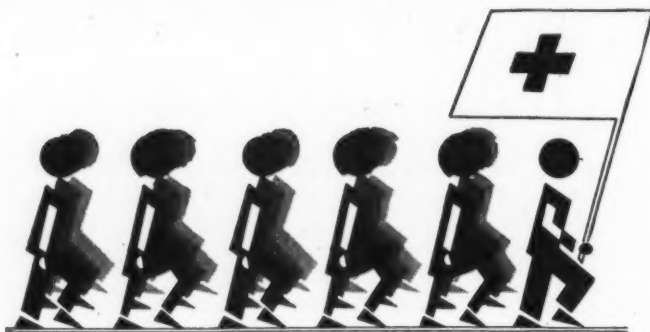
It is God who leads you and God who loves you.

We now have 45 Junior members (Algiers Native Section) who all say to you: *Thank you!*

Another letter made this unselfish request, a request which fortunately it has been possible to carry out this year:

IT HAS been a long time since in our beautiful Africa we have eaten anything as good, for we lack sugar to make these candies. But I beg that you will no longer make these sacrifices for us in Algeria; make them rather for France, if it is freed from the German yoke, because it has been a much longer time than for us since they have tasted sweets.

Ideas on the March



AJRC MEMBERS are getting to know each other better through the exchange of intersectional letter booklets and albums. One such letter booklet prepared for Florida members by the school in Rosita, Colorado, was only 6 x 9 inches in size, but it was packed full of information about Colorado. A brief history of the state was illustrated with pictures ranging from the very early log huts to the new state capitol. A map was clearly marked to show such places of interest as Mesa Verde National Park and Pike's Peak. Then followed a description of school and community. There were pages of water-color sketches of wild flowers and of native birds. There were pictures, some of them colored, of animals found in the state: blacktail deer, antelopes, elk, buffalos, bears. Hereford cattle, one of the best breeds for beef, were pictured, too. There was one illustrated page on the state song, "Where the Columbine Grows." In her letter about the climate of Colorado, a sixth-grader said that "in the summers when it is hot down there in Florida, we wish you could spend your vacation time with us among the hills and mountains, and we think you would like it, too. When it is cold and snowy up here, we would like to visit you and go fishing and boating."

The first letter in the album told about Rosita's Junior Red Cross activities. There are only eight pupils in the school, but members have made gifts of all sorts for men in the armed forces and for children in local hospitals. They have sent AJRC correspondence albums to Chile and Australia recently. War on Waste keeps the boys and girls busy, too.

Ericson School in St. Paul, Minnesota, included in a letter booklet for England sketches

about some AJRC members. Anne Marie wrote: "My mother came from Sweden, and my father came from Norway. We just received a letter through the Red Cross from my grandfather in Oslo. When Crown Prince Olaf came to St. Paul, my father took my sister to see him. She shook hands and talked to him. The next day my sister got the mumps, but we never heard whether Crown Prince Olaf got them or not."



A LETTER in an album prepared by P. S. #8 in Lota, Chile, said in closing: "We wish to thank you for your initiation of this correspondence with us, and for breaking up the great physical distance which separates us both. We shall always be your friends in Junior Red Cross. In all our daily activities, we pray for the peace of our continent and of the entire world."



HERE is an idea passed on by Junior Red Cross members in France. You may enjoy trying it out in decorating paper for binding and covering your school correspondence albums and letter booklets: "On the end of half a potato, unpeeled, cut with a knife, so as to make it appear in relief, a very simple design, such as a star, a triangle, a halfmoon, a trefoil. Prepare water colors in a shallow saucer. Put the end of the potato in the paint and then apply it neatly to the paper, in whatever arrangement you like. A number of designs can be used on the same sheet of paper."



AT YOUR next Junior Red Cross Council meeting it might be a good idea to talk over ways of keeping your JRC Service Fund going so that regular contributions may be made



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS

from it to the National Children's Fund. Good talking points will be this month's front and back covers and the features on pages 85 and 89.

Members in Blue Earth County, Mankato, Minnesota, sent in this list of fund raising methods they have found successful:

Paper sales. Popcorn ball sales. Making and selling gifts before Christmas. Taking orders for place cards for family dinners, luncheons and other parties (These are made from salvaged Christmas or Easter cards). Making ration book covers. Giving variety shows. Going without treats. Making artistic valentines for sale. Ice show. Here is how members described their hamster show: "Golden hamster is a small rodent, native to Asia, something like a guinea pig. It is being used for biological study at the University of Minnesota and in Chicago. We had a pair, hoping they would raise a family. Because they were new here, we charged admission to see them."



A PAPER SALE brought in fine returns for Hastings, Michigan, members. English classes furnished speakers to talk over the public address system of the school each morning at nine o'clock, explaining the National Children's Fund and what it is doing for boys and girls in countries at war. One of the AJRC members read a letter from her brother overseas telling her of the fine things being done for the children of England by the American Junior Red Cross.



EVERY MONTH we receive a copy of the magazine published by the Canadian Junior Red Cross. And every month we are impressed all over again when we read about the fine things Canadian members are doing for children in Greece, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Russia, China, France and India. Although there are only 861,500 members of the Canadian JRC, they have contributed to their Junior Red Cross War Fund more than \$1,500,000. Food, clothing and medicines are included in the gifts sent to boys and girls across the seas.

In Great Britain there are fourteen war nurseries supported by Canadian members, who also send new supplies of clothing to the

nurseries every six months. A recent letter from Silverwood Nursery told of the joy of the children when they received snowsuits in lovely colors. Clothing is rationed in England nowadays, and so such things are especially welcome.

The October *Canadian Red Cross Junior* featured a page of pictures from Spartak, a home for Russian war orphans in the province of Moscow. Canadian members sent \$20,000 to help buy food, clothing and sports equipment for the 120 boys and girls between 7 and 14 years of age who live in the home.



COURTESY OF "THE TIMES"

Children of fourteen different races and nationalities at Maywood School, Hammond, Indiana, collect and bundle wastepaper to be sold for the JRC Service Fund

Junior Red Cross membership is worldwide, and some 30,000,000 boys and girls are working together to do all they can in the service of others. Greek members distribute food and clothing to thousands of infants and children. In Egypt, members make layettes and help at child care centers. Six summer camps are supported by the Turkish JRC. Hungarian and Finnish members have "adopted" war orphans and supply them with things they need. In France, members are assisting pupils in schools damaged as a result of the war. Swiss members expressed their sympathy for the French boys and girls in these same damaged areas by providing a number of schools with food, clothing, toys and books. Members in India take the lead in teaching health rules.

WAR RELIEF
PRODUCTION



FIRST AID



NUTRITION



ACCIDENT
PREVENTION



Pigeon's



Party

By Constance Savery

Pictures by Jon Nielsen

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE icy rain was falling from a gray English sky. Inside the house everything was ready for Mike's party. The table was bright with holly and with the colored paper streamers that had been saved from last year. In the middle of the feast stood a big cake made by Mike's mother and decorated with a melted-chocolate icing that was Mike's sweet ration for the month.

Dressed and ready, Mike knelt on the window seat to watch the storm. Suddenly the chilly raindrops turned into hailstones as big as lumps of sugar. They rattled on the garden path and thumped the window so hard that they nearly broke it.

All in a moment the hail stopped. Looking out again, Mike saw the garden covered with snowy balls. He saw something else, too. A blue-gray pigeon was huddled on the lawn by the sundial.

"Oh, Mother, look!" Mike cried. "I do believe it's hurt."

When they ran into the garden to look at the pigeon, they found that it was still breathing. Lifting its wet, cold little body very gently, Mike's mother carried it into the house and put it in a shallow basket by the fire. After a minute or two it raised its head and looked about it, turning its neck from side to side as if surprised to find itself in such a gay, warm place. Then it tried to stand, but

fell back as if too tired and hurt to move.

Mother bent over the basket. "This is a carrier pigeon," she said. "I think he must be carrying a message to the aerodrome across the marshes. But he won't get there tonight."

"No, poor fellow," said Mike. "I think the hailstorm has damaged his wing."

"The message may be important," said his mother, looking troubled. "You know, Mike, these pigeons are often carried in aircraft. He might have been flying home to tell the aerodrome staff that a plane has crashed in the sea and that the crew need help at once. But we mustn't try to open the container and read the message ourselves; it's against defense regulations. I think you will have to run down to the police station and tell the policeman that we are sheltering an injured carrier. Then he will telephone to the aerodrome, asking them to send a man here immediately to read the message. If you are quick you will get back very soon after your guests begin to arrive."

Mike hurried into overcoat, mackintosh and wellingtons. Mother tied Daddy's "tin hat" over his head with a scarf, for fear there should be another freak hailstorm. The pigeon cocked its head and watched. "I do believe he know what's happening!" said Mike.

The police station was a mile away, on the other side of the river. As he raced down the lane, Mike noticed how swollen and angry the water looked. It had risen to the top of the banks and was swirling past at a great rate. "It will be almost level with the bridge," he thought. "I shan't much like crossing over."

Just before reaching the bridge, the lane bent sharply to the left. As Mike turned the corner, he stopped in dismay. The bridge, which was little and light, had been swept away.

"Now what shall I do?" said Mike to himself.

He would have liked to run home and tell Mother that he couldn't reach the police station because the bridge had fallen. But he remembered in time that

the pigeon's message might be important. "I'll go on to the next bridge," he decided. "It's only about a mile farther. I shall miss quite a lot of my party, though."

On he went through the rain and the gathering darkness. At last he came to the second bridge. "Oh!" he cried.

For although the second bridge was too big and strong to be swept away, it was covered by the flood water, which was flowing over it level with the rails. There was no possible way of reaching the police station or the post office either.

Mike stood still, trying to remember whether any of the houses on his side of the river had a telephone or government permission to use a private car. But the only house likely to have either of them was Stair Grange, two more miles away.

"Oh, I can't run another two miles!" said Mike. "I simply can't. I've come two miles already, and I've got two to walk back. That makes four miles—and I'm tired, and it's cold and frightfully dark. Two miles to Stair Grange and two back would be eight. I should miss the whole of my party if I went there; for I haven't the slightest chance of getting a lift on these lonely roads. I dare say the pigeon's message wasn't important. Besides, they have to be trained—he may have been out on a practice flight. And Daddy said he hoped to get home early to-night—why, perhaps he has driven to the aerodrome with the pigeon already! He has



Mike stopped in dismay. The bridge had been swept away. What should he do? The pigeon's message might be important

lots of petrol ration left. 'I'll turn back.'

A voice said to Mike, softly in his heart, "Daddy may have been delayed. Don't turn back. Take the pigeon's message as quickly as you can."

The voice sounded a little like Mother's voice. "Oh, well, s'pose I'd better!" said Mike, and he turned and hurried as fast as he could to Stair Grange.

It was a long way in the wet, sleety dusk. Stair Grange stood empty, dark and shuttered. There was nobody in it except a caretaker who took a long time to understand what Mike wanted. But at last he found himself with the telephone receiver in his hand, calling the aerodrome. A nice voice at the other end of the line answered him. Yes, it said, a messenger would be sent to his home to read the pigeon's message. Yes, the messenger would remember to tell his mother that her son would be late getting home.

Then Mike found himself once more in the rain and cold. The four miles seemed more like forty. It was so slippery that he could not run, so cold that he was almost frozen, and so dark that he lost his way three times. "I shan't get *any* party!" he thought unhappily. "It was the pigeon's party, not mine! I hope he enjoyed it."

Tired out, he staggered into his own garden. He listened, but could hear no noise and laughter. His fears had come true. The party was over, and all the boys and girls had gone home.

The pigeon had gone, too. When Mike stood blinking in the bright light of the sitting room, he saw that the basket was empty. "Yes," said Mother, as she helped him out of his coat, "some-

body came racing from the aerodrome to read the message, and he took Mr. Blue away with him in a hamper strapped to his motor bicycle."

"Mr. Blue?" said Mike.

"Mr. Blue is the pigeon's name," said Mother.

"Was the message important?" Mike asked.

"Very important," Mother answered. "An aircraft had been forced down in the sea with engine trouble, and its crew of five were drifting in their little rubber dinghy. They had sent their pigeon home to ask for help. Please God, the help will come in time."

Then Mike had supper by the fire, with cakes left over from the party. Late that night Mother put her head round his bedroom door. "Mike, we have had a message from the station. The five men have been found. They are quite safe now."

"Oh, Mother," said Mike. "I am glad I didn't turn back!"

But that wasn't the end of the adventure. A week later Mike had a letter in a scribbly-scrabbly handwriting that might almost have been the work of a bird's claws. It said:

"Dear Mike,

Thank you for inviting me to your party. It was great. Will you come to mine at the aerodrome next Saturday at four o'clock? The men we helped to rescue are coming, too. I should like you to meet them.

Yours to a wing-tip,
Mr. Blue."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last spring a carrier pigeon named Winkle was carried on an R.A.F. bomber forced down at sea. When Winkle's cage was broken open, she flew to her home loft where her code number helped authorities plan the rescue of the bomber crew.

SNOWFLAKES



Whee !

Away we go through the snow,
Sliding on a sled.
We go so fast, the wind blows past
And makes our noses red.

*Second Grade, Roosevelt School,
La Crosse, Wisconsin*



Falling . . .

Snowflakes gently falling,
Falling to the ground—
All are white and fluffy;
You can't hear a sound.



Fairyland

I came to school through fairyland today.
All the trees were dressed in silver.
Fairy lanterns dangled from every limb.
(Maybe the fairies had a ball last night
And forgot to take them down.)
Even the poorest of the bushes was
lovely—
With rows of pearls and diamonds
Clinging to its branches.

*The two poems directly above were included in a
school correspondence album from Washington
School, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin*



The block print above, made by members of William Lipscomb School, Dallas, Texas, was included in an AJRC school correspondence album sent to Buenos Aires, Argentina



Coasting

Over the snow
Here we go,
Laughing and shouting,
To and fro.
Coasting down.
Smooth and fast—
Clear the way!
We're off at last.
Bumpy, bump,
What a spill!
That was worse
Than Jack and Jill.

—Eleanor Svaty. (Reprinted from "Childhood Education")



THE RETURN OF MOTHER GOOSE

Back to England, where Mother Goose rhymes were written two centuries past, go these Mother Goose favorites, painted by AJRC artists from all over the United States. Bopeep and the Four and Twenty Blackbirds are sent from Savannah, Georgia; Rockaby Baby from Hamburg, New York; Humpty Dumpty from New Orleans, Louisiana, and Curly Locks from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. The large originals will delight the war-shocked British children regaining health and happiness at the Beech Hill Nursery maintained by the AJRC National Children's Fund





AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR



A GOOD NEW YEAR

Progress Report—Review the plans made for your Junior Red Cross last fall. Which have you gone forward with? Have you accomplished more than you planned?

Write a list of services you have carried out and talk them over. Which have been most successful? Which can you improve?

Working Together—Ask your school sponsor, or the president of your Junior Red Cross school council, to tell you about accomplishments of the whole school.

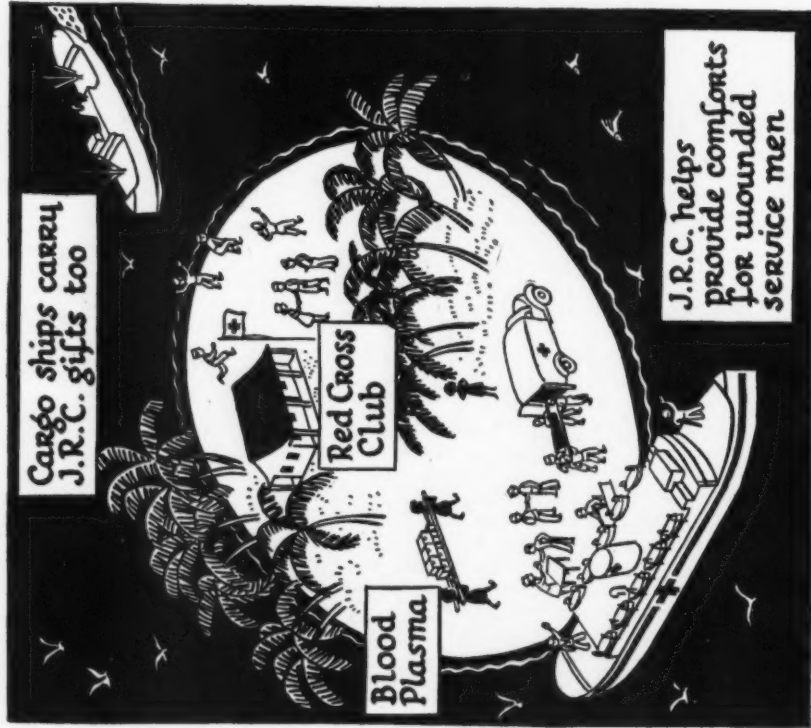
Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman, or your school representative on the chapter council, to tell you what the Junior Red Cross in your whole chapter is accomplishing.

Find examples of national teamwork in service reported in the *Junior Red Cross News* for September-October, November, December and January.

Talk over things you understand better on account of your Junior Red Cross work: ways that people of all ages contribute to welfare of others, ways that all gain victory over handicaps.

Think over personal handicaps that you are surmounting. For example:

Wrong health habits might



"SERVICE FOR OTHERS"

Ideals in Action—Make toys for children's institutions. *Suggestions:* Small hand-carved animals attached to spool wheels, small trains or boats of scrap wood, wall decorations based on favorite children's stories (to be sent to children, not to service men), spool dolls dressed in cowboy or other costumes, a valentine box with valentines for a nearby institution, materials with which hospitalized children can make valentines.

Make gifts for servicemen. Suggestions: favors for Lincoln's birthday, series of comic strips or cartoons in a handmade album, mounted crossword puzzles with solutions in hand-decorated envelope, small games or puzzles, writing cases, ash trays, other gifts. Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor or chairman for instructions from area headquarters.

"Health of mind and body"
—What daily health habits will you practice:

In cleanliness and personal hygiene, protective diet, play and exercise, sleep and rest, enjoyment of fresh air and sunshine, avoidance of spreading colds or other infections, keeping your homes clean and pleasant, prevention of accidents, health in mental at-

1945 JANUARY 1945

example:

Wrong health habits might handicap you in play, work or service for others.
Wrong habits in spelling and writing might handicap you in making others understand what you mean.

Wrong habits of talking or behaving might handicap you in working for better human relations.

New Goals—Make a list of services to be continued and talk over good ways of doing them.

Make a list of special holidays in the next two months, which you can help others celebrate. Talk over ways to make your service count for most.

For example: Send your gifts through your Junior Red Cross office or other proper community channels. If you visit public homes or institutions go only by invitation and at the time you are expected. Stay with your guide and observe all regulations or requests.

Decide on other good manners in giving. How do you like people to act when they give you presents? When they come to see you? Do you like people to talk about you as though you could not hear them?

YOUNG MEMBERS, LEARN TO READ THE JUNIOR RED CROSS AIDS. EXPLAIN WHAT EACH PART MEANS BY TELLING ABOUT SOME JUNIOR RED CROSS WORK IN YOUR ROOM.

1943 JANUARY 1943						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

RESPECT FOR THOSE WE SERVE

The American Red Cross helps our armed forces through the Blood Donor Service, through Red Cross Clubs and in many ways. As junior members of the Red Cross you do your part by making holiday decorations, games, cartoon books, puzzles, writing pads, and many other gifts.

When you make gifts for service men, you think of them with admiration. To be "in service" is to be respected for these men serve our nation with honor and loyalty.

Let this dignity in service inspire your own work. By making all gifts your very best and by courtesy in presenting them, let all whom you serve feel your respect for them: for those in your own community, or farther away in our country, or still farther away in other parts of the earth.

clean and pleasant, prevention of accidents, health in mental attitudes.

YOUNG MEMBERS, MAKE UP YOUR MINDS. DO SOMETHING TODAY ABOUT EACH OF THESE THINGS.
KEEP CLEAN—HANDS, AND NAILS, FACE AND HAIR, CLOTHES.
PLAY IN THE FRESH AIR.
EAT FOOD THAT KEEPS YOU WELL.
GO TO BED ON TIME.
USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF.
KEEP FROM GRUMBLING.

"Better Human Relations"
—On the following list, check the things you are doing. Put two checks by others you plan to do:
Making a school correspondence album for another part of our country

Exchanging albums about one of your units of study with a state school for the blind. Ask your Junior Red Cross chairman to make arrangements through your area office. Send to the school for the blind models that you make for your unit.

Making a letter booklet for England or a school correspondence album for some other country

Filling a Gift Box with school supplies for children of liberated countries. Members have already sent 150,000. Before the year is over 350,000 more will be sent.

YOUNG MEMBERS, HOW MANY GIFT BOXES MAKE HALF A MILLION?

Making soft toys for children in English war nurseries
Earning contributions to the National Children's Fund.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

A Guide for Teachers

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The January News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Yugoslav Children with AJRC Gift Boxes" (front cover), "Snowflakes," "Mother Goose" (back cover)

Character Guidance:

"Up in Baffin Land," editorials, "Ideas on the March," "Pigeon's Party"

Geography:

Africa—"Tunisia," "Thank-You Note from Algiers"
Canada—"Up in Baffin Land," "Canadian Correspondents"

France—"Thank-You Note from Algiers"

Germany—"The Message in the Snow"

Russia—"The Message in the Snow"

Yugoslavia—"Yugoslav Children with AJRC Gift Boxes" (front cover), "Poklon Americanskog Omladinskog Crevog Krsta"

Nature Study:

"Pigeons with Purple Hearts," "Ideas on the March," "Snowflakes"

Primary Grades:

"Yugoslav Children with AJRC Gift Boxes," "Pigeon's Party," "Snowflakes," "Mother Goose," and, for teachers to read aloud or for older pupils to retell, "The Message in the Snow," "Pigeons with Purple Hearts," "Up in Baffin Land," "Thank-You Note from Algiers"

Reading:

"The Great Road" should make interesting material for choral reading. The Mother Goose pictures suggest conversation as to different interpretations of favorite stories or verses through art work. "Snowflakes" will be fun to read aloud either from the magazine or from memory.

Units:

Ancient Civilization—"The Great Road," "Tunisia," "Up in Baffin Land"

Arabs and Eskimos—"Tunisia," "Up in Baffin Land"

Better Human Relations—"Yugoslav Children with AJRC Gift Boxes," "Poklon. . .," "Thank-You Note from Algiers," "The Message in the Snow," "Hope on the Horizon," and other editorials, "Ideas on the March"

Climate—"The Message in the Snow," "Up in Baffin Land," "Tunisia," "Thank-You Note from Algiers," "Snowflakes," "Canadian Correspondents"—all give interesting leads for study of climate. This issue is particularly generous with lively winter materials but some of the features illustrate climate contrasts.

Communication—"Pigeons with Purple Hearts," "Pigeon's Party"

Conservation of Health—"Pigeons with Purple Hearts," "Pigeon's Party," "Up in Baffin Land," and "Poklon. . ."

Exploration and Progress—"The Great Road," "Pi-

geons with Purple Hearts," "Up in Baffin Land," "Canadian Correspondents"

Pets and Animals—"Pigeons with Purple Hearts," "Pigeon's Party"

Pioneers—"Up in Baffin Land," "Canadian Correspondents"

Post War Planning—"Hope on the Horizon," "International in War and Peace," "After the War," "Ideas on the March"

War, Old and New—"The Great Road," "Tunisia," "Thank-You Note from Algiers," "The Message in the Snow," "Pigeon's Party," editorials

A Year Around Emphasis on Health

The National Committee on Physical Fitness of the Federal Security Agency invites cooperation in a "year of special emphasis on physical fitness." The objective is "a physical fitness for all citizens commensurate with their respective needs." Fitness is defined as a quality of health that will result in a minimum of disability due to sickness of any type, in the ability to recover rapidly from fatigue and exhaustion, in ability to perform our tasks (whether military or civilian) efficiently and within the limitations of the human body, in the appearance of health and vigor and in pride in endurance. These results based on sound home, school and community training are best achieved from self-direction and inner propulsion.

Junior Red Cross members not only will find these objectives in harmony with their program but should have still deeper and more permanent motives in their aim, "health of mind and body to fit us for better service." This purpose, at the center of Junior Red Cross health activity, is increasingly important in our post war planning.

An example of ways in which Junior Red Cross members may not only take personal measures for greater fitness for service but may express their sense of responsibility for community health was reported in the Detroit *Junior Red Cross Faculty Bulletin*. At a chapter Junior Red Cross council meeting the members decided to undertake several community surveys: "The first group is now actively exploring all the facilities and agencies set up in Detroit to safeguard the health of its citizens. Committees are making trips to the board of health interviewing the Visiting Nurses, studying the departments that tend to sanitation of the city." This group was to give a complete story to the second council meeting.

Such surveys frequently lead, as in Omaha a few years ago, to appropriate action on the part of Junior Red Cross members cooperating with health authorities in helping to make improved health facilities available to citizens.

In Braille

The braille edition includes from the *Junior Red Cross News*, in braille grade 1½: "Canadian Correspondents," "Ideas on the March," "Pigeon's Party," "International in War and Peace," "Snowflakes"; from the *Junior Red Cross Journal*, in braille grade 2, "The Relative from Asia," "On the Road Back," and "Jungle Art Show."

Community Service and Social Studies

AN ACCOUNT of successful integration of the Junior Red Cross program with social studies was contributed by a social science teacher, Miss Alta White, now of the Clifton rural high school, Clifton, Kansas. The report is based on a year's work carried out in grades five and six, Lyman School, North Topeka, Kansas. Though condensation is necessary, several direct quotations illustrate the fineness of spirit that went into the plan and the philosophy of education and living underlying the work:

"George Lawton says, 'the schools should not be subject centered or child centered but life centered.' 'Education should be a process of continuous socialization, starting with adjustment to immediate social groups and ending with society at large.' Since the Red Cross reaches out into practically every phase of life, it offers an exceptional opportunity for boys and girls to learn of life first hand by working under the Red Cross and the motto 'I Serve' . . .

"We studied first the history of the Red Cross, its organization, its work, its value and how the work could be correlated with our regular work. We were satisfied with our investigation, and as a room we joined the organization, receiving a membership certificate and a year's subscription to the *Junior Red Cross News*, in which were found suggestions, project plans, information, and supplementary reading material worth many times the price of the room membership. Our enrollment for the room was thirty-two.

"Topeka, capital city of Kansas, offered unlimited opportunities for service. It was necessary to consider carefully the educational value as well as the service to be rendered in planning our year's work to give every student an opportunity to participate in the program and render a real service." "Every phase of school work was correlated, studied and practiced in this work. Cooperation of the homes was unlimited."

Immediately after enrollment in November the group made favors for the Armistice Day Dinner of the Veterans' Home as their first project. The Junior Red Cross motto "I Serve" was extended to "They Served," with consideration in history study of the national contribution made by the veterans of the first world war.

The next project accepted was for service to the state school for the blind. The pupils practiced correspondence in composing a letter to the matron of the school asking for a list of selected pupils and advice about appropriate gifts that could be made for them. In connection with this project, which became the major activity for the year, the room studied Kansas history and the support of public education, including specialized education for the handicapped. "The evolution of the public school was a timely November and December problem. The early settlement of our country and the early establishment of schools and the growth of the school system fitted into our schedule perfectly."

The members decided to give up their usual exchange of Christmas gifts among themselves and provide instead gifts for schoolmates in the school for the blind. Once more the advice of the matron of the school was sought about children who would not go home at Christmas, and special attention was given to one who had no family to send her gifts. In addition to the gifts provided by the members, mothers popped corn and made candy to send. Letters of

acknowledgment received after the holidays told of a harmonica band organized by 12 boys to whom mouth harps had been sent. Later gifts included brailled stories provided by the Junior Red Cross headquarters, for which the 7th and 8th grade pupils in the school made art covers with raised designs.

Experience in local service came through preparing Easter favors for children in a sanitarium and a "health car" in Topeka. "Some very clever little figures were made from hard-boiled eggs with each pupil following his own idea decorating them." An Englishman with a monocle, little girls' faces with frilled bonnets, animals with tails and ears added, "and many more made up a colorful and attractive collection." They were packed in a basket, around a large white papier-maché rabbit, for delivery.

For day nurseries where preschool children were cared for, Good Health picture books were made, based on the alphabet. Each page showed a large letter, a health rhyme, and a bright picture to illustrate the health slogan. Penmanship, art and health study were combined in making these books. In visits to two nurseries, one of which was for Negro children, members observed that these small children were already independent in dressing themselves. Each was provided with his own small locker and lavatory, which he found by means of attractive pictures, one on the locker door with a matching one above the lavatory. They observed the children at the lunch period after naps and saw how each youngster carried his own glass to the sink, rinsed it thoroughly and placed it upside down on the table, admiring the way in which all these tiny ones cooperated in promoting order and cleanliness in their own environment. One of the broadening observations made in the nursery for the colored children was that the walls were decorated with painted nursery rhymes, in which "the little story people were colored folk." This presented a brand new idea to the visitors.

For a home for the aged May baskets were woven and filled with pansies donated by a local green house. These gifts were delivered by a special committee.

As a climax to the year's work eleven pupils made a trip to Lawrence to attend the state Junior Red Cross convention. "The delegation learned the procedure to follow when attending a large meeting of this kind. They registered, were classified and located themselves for the program." Here their community sense was broadened through association with fellow members from all over the state, with exchange of experiences, inspection of exhibits and a visit by all the delegates to the Haskell Institute, where they observed something of the government's program for advanced education of Indian youth.

"Our last meeting was a farewell social meeting and our work together was done. In summing up the work of the year and the classes of social service rendered, it included many things with just one big over all object—'I Serve'."

Errata

Two errors in typing weaseled their way past all observers in recent months into the *Guide*. One, in November, was the substitution of "window pads" for "writing pads" in the report of the Shady Hill School. The other, in December, was the substitution of "8½ million" for "18½ million" in the section entitled "Morale of the Wounded."